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Two Cocktailing Claims

To begin very bluntly, the French are in a position to challenge America's claim to the cocktail! I know that all of you must be as horrified, as appalled, as incredulous as I first was upon hearing this outrageous proposition. Immediately I ran to the library; with wild eyes and baited breath I secured a copy of H. L. Mencken's *The American Language*;

with sobs of despair I discovered the stupifying truth. Dearest Americans, the French appear to have us at their mercy. Screw up your Anglo-Saxon courage and fortitude and listen to the gruesome details.

I suppose there are some of you who still doubt that the French would press any claims they might have to cocktails. Unfortunately for the Francophiles the French did assert their claims already in 1925! Marcel Boulenger, a noted chauvinist, wrote in "Le Figaro Hebdomadaire" of that year that the Bordeaux region of France was responsible for a mixed drink called "coquetel." Known for centuries, this drink was supposedly brought to America by French troops during the rebellion. Fortunately, sentiment at the time did not permit the spread of this story and it is now largely forgotten. However, there are thousands of potential Boulengers in France today.

Most loyal Americans will cer-



by
Robert McHugh

tainly answer "pshaw!" to such poppycock in the hope that reasonable people everywhere will reject such a tenuous claim. Unfortunately, not all people are Americans (a fact the John Birch Society finds difficult to accept), nor, alas, are all people reasonable.

The British, for example, might be spurred into asserting claims of their own. Our venerable Mother Country has not one, but two claims to the invention of cocktails. British claims rest upon the interesting combination of cocks and ale. In one case a pummeled cock with some enchanting spices was placed in a new keg of ale for about nine days. This "mixture of ale and the essence of boiled fowl" was "bottoms-up" all the way down.

While dead cocks were being thrown in ale kegs, the live ones were fed a blend of ale, bread, wine or other spirits, and roots and herbs a few days before an important fight. Needless to say the cockers (a cocker was one who raised cocks) soon discovered the merits of this concoction to apply as well to rational animals.

Even though these claims to the cocktail date from 1648 and 1785 respectively, the British have always been fair people and there is little danger of their pressing their claims. Besides, the British are great ones for respecting custom and we are aware that the cocktail is customarily thought of as being American. Lastly, Mr. Macmillan has shown himself to be quite amenable in the past. No,

it's not the British, but the French we must fear.

But are America's claims sufficient to the task of meeting a French assault? An examination reveals that they are not. For example, some say a Monsieur Antoine Amedee, fleeing an anti-French revolution in his native Haiti in 1795, became a druggist in New Orleans. Enterprising Amedee did more than fill prescriptions—he promptly proceeded to invent a very popular mixed drink served in a double-ended egg cup called a "coquetier."

Now, aside from the fact that Monsieur Amedee was French, students of history will be quick to note that 1795 was seven years before the Louisiana purchase.

Our second claim is scantier still. It seems that a certain tavern in Philadelphia would collect the remains of all unfinished drinks, throw them in a vat and auction the vat off as "cocktail" to the highest bidder. Aside from a lack of supporting evidence, the English did this for years except they used what was left on the bottom of kegs and called it "cocktailings."

Thus stands the picture today. Our attempts to verify a claim we know is justly ours are quite insufficient to meet the Gallic challenge if it materializes. Clearly then, it becomes the duty of all of us to search for proof of our mastery, to justify ourselves as American cocktailers. If we do not succeed, then I am afraid our grand-

children may be saying "coquetel" never savor those very enchanting
in a few years, or worse yet, spirits.



Epitaph

He stretched his point of time
And left his trace in the wind
That falls from the mountains
In the inevitability of springtime;
He came and went his way
Saying little more than necessary,
Still a mystery to the crowds;
But those who saw his eyes,
Those who heard him speak his
heart
And felt his soul's intensity
Know him yet
For what he is and does,
For what he was and will be.

—Wm. Seidensticker

Writ

The hand that writes a poem
holds not a pen—
a chisel, rather, with which it chips
away the crystal dike
of frozen lips
containing all the liquid warmth of men
that when released erodes
the dike and thaws
the frozen lips, like
mountain streams
that trickle from their white abodes
and gather strength to fling
themselves (*as man will throw him-
self into the flow of war or peace*)
into the moss-grown draws
and, splashing muddy-red,
rush into the lake of Spring
and there in the folds of its bed
release
its bubbling dreams.

But neither I nor any man
can loose this rush of warming waters
unless he spread himself against the red-clay slope
of the Mount
and with his hands begin to trace
the tiny rims which caught
the drops that ran
across the fount
of hope,
the messianic
face
. . . not I nor any man.

For in those tiny, blood-red streams
are all the world's bubbling dreams.

—Francis Creel

THE HAUNTED

It was one of those typical mid-summer evenings. The air was hot and clammy. I left my house wearing a pair of jeans, loafers, and a short sleeved sport shirt. I was going to pick up a few of my buddies and try to plan a way of spending another boring summer evening. After cruising the town and ringing door-bells for half an hour, I gave up in disgust. This was one night the crowd wouldn't be together. Some of my pals weren't at home, and if they were at home they had some chores to do which, according to parental voices in the background, could not be postponed for one more day. Hot and dejected, I decided to drive around for an hour or so and listen to the ball game on the radio. As I put my hand down to turn on the radio, I glanced at the gasoline gauge. The needle was slightly below empty. Back to home, sweet home. Just as I was turning in the driveway at home, I heard the familiar horn of a jeep, and I knew it could only be one person, my friend Enis.

I hopped into the jeep beside him, and we chatted for a while, trying to decide what to do. A swim in the reservoir was the first of our ideas, but it was still light,

H O U S E

By

William

Hipple

and we would run into complications with the night watchman. Enis, who is the original nature boy and a friend of all furred and feathered creatures, suggested camping out in the woods. We both remembered an old house, supposedly haunted, which we had always planned to explore and immediately decided this was the night to investigate.

In less than half an hour we had our sleeping bags, snacks, and some liquid refreshment (**procured** at the local poney keg) piled into the "Blue Screw." The jeep is affectionately called by this name because of its high maintenance cost. Enis is 'blue' for days after he pays the bills. The twilight was deepening now, and as we headed for the country, we both decided we were not too sure just where the old house was located. The side road on which we were travelling suddenly came to an end. Enis made a sharp left turn and headed directly into the woods, then he veered right, and we were driving down a creek bed which Enis positively declared led straight to the old house. In less than two minutes, we were stuck in a muddy section of the stream. Undaunted, we hopped out to push and coax the 'Screw'. I took a flashlight out of the toll box to survey the situation. I flashed the light on the ground, and then my blood froze in my veins. I took a deep swallow and looked again. I had seen correctly the first time. There really were blotches of blood, dark and fresh,

dotting the mud. "Enis," I gulped. "Look!" Enis strolled over. "Drat it," he said, "rust." "She's leakin' again."

I thanked saints and sinners that it was dark and Enis couldn't see my face. He would have really thought my imagination was running away with me. My relief was so great that I felt charged with renewed vigor. "Let's give her one more push," I said. With a great "heave-ho" and a few gentle admonitions to the jeep, we completely dislodged her from the mud and resumed our bumpy journey down the creek bed.

Although the "Screw" is truly amphibious, Enis decided not to tempt fate another time that night, so he swung out of the creek bed and let the jeep blaze a trail for us through the moonlight studded thicket. A real thicket it was: low branches from the trees slapped in our faces and the occasional hoot of an owl made us feel that we were far, far from the ultra-modern, well-knit little community in which we lived. Had the jeep been horse-drawn instead of power driven, I could have imagined myself as one of the overland riders heading west toward a new frontier. I was suddenly brought back from my "westward ho" musing by Enis muttering to himself and the smoking and wheezing of the jeep as she stopped dead. When the "Screw" acts this way, she is as stubborn as a mule, and there is no alternative but to climb out and let her rest until she is ready,

willing, and able to go again. By the light of the moon, we saw two fairly flat rocks and decided to sit on them and wait until this great product of the machine age was ready to resume her travels. We each drank a beer, and when we had finished Enis stood up and stared into the shadowy woods. "Rock," he said, "I'm positive we are in walking distance of the old house. Why don't we build a fire here, grab the flashlights and go over and have a look."

The moon, enigmatic creature that it is, covered herself with a grayish cloud as we, flashing our light right and left, made our way into a thicket. We poked and probed as we walked in silence for several minutes. Suddenly I spotted the bright flame of a campfire in the distance. "Enis," I said, "it looks like we have company. Let's go over and see who our fellow travellers are."

Softly and surely we advanced toward the bright orange flame. About twenty feet from it we stopped dead. It was our own campfire and we had been traveling in circles. Enis and I flashed our lights in each other's face. "Rock," he drawled, "I've had it for one night. Let's grab some sleep till dawn and then start searching again." We gave the fire a last poke, rolled ourselves into our sleeping bags and after muttering our good nights, we both fell asleep.

It seemed only a matter of minutes before I felt a blinding light in my face and woke to see the

face of John Law pointing a revolver directly at me. I opened my mouth to speak, but no words came out. At that moment Enis, who was calmly lighting a cigar, drawled, "What gives, Officer?" There is nothing more that delights the heart of a policeman than to be called "Officer." He eyed Enis and told his story. He explained that two bankrobbers from a neighboring county were hiding in the woods and that he and two other policemen were searching the area for them. We jumped to our feet, fully awake, and volunteered our services. The cop shook his head in an emphatic "no" and proceeded to inform us that these men were armed and dangerous and that under the circumstances this was a case for the police. He handed us a flare to set off in case we saw or heard something suspicious, and then, with his flashlight to guide him, disappeared into the shadows of the woods. Enis and I realized that any more sleep that night would be impossible, so we stirred the fire, ate some food and waited until the birds proclaimed the arrival of dawn.

"Daylight is here, old buddy," I said to Enis. "Shall we assist the fuzz or hunt for the old house?"

Enis arose and stretched his long arms and wide shoulders. "Lead on and let's see what we find first." We headed deeper into the woods, now sparkling here and there in the early morning sunlight.

Finding the house was decep-

tively simple as we had been close to it all night. The house was the rustic type of modern log cabin that some eccentric recluse had once used to get away from the hustle and bustle of city living. It had once stood in a clearing, but now it was completely surrounded by a wild growth of weeds, small bushes, and matting vines. Our first impulse was to go inside the cabin, but we both stopped as we noticed a thin, hazy curl of smoke pouring from the chimney. "Visitors," said Enis.

"Bank robbers, maybe," I echoed. "Let's have a look and see."

One of the side windows was high off the ground, and Enis climbed on my shoulders to get a look inside. He jumped down

after a moment and whispered in an excited voice, "I'm sure they are the robbers. They are in a deep sleep and snoring their heads off." Near this window are two guns and two empty whiskey bottles. Hold me up again and I am going to raise the screen and crawl in and get those guns." "Enis," I gasped under my breath, "you can't. If they wake up, anything could happen to you, and . . ." Enis interrupted, "Look, Rock, this is no ordinary sleep. Those two in there are not just asleep, they are out—way out from too much alcohol. You go around to the front and meet me, I'll open the door, hand you a pistol and we can poke them on their feet and very, very gently escort them back to the jeep."



For a second time I raised Enis on my shoulders and waited while he quietly raised the screen. Then he disappeared into the room and I walked with a cat-like motion around to the front door. Who can measure time in a situation like this? I thought he would never come out, and I felt a slow trickle of sweat run down my back. What if Enis had just thought that the two men were in a drunken stupor? They could have hit him over the head before he knew what was happening. What if . . . I heard the bolt on the door slowly turn on the inside, and I saw the door slowly inch open, revealing Enis with a gun in each hand. He shoved one at me. "Let's get these little play-mates on their feet," he said.

I took the gun, and we walked toward the cots of the sleeping men. Glancing at the men, I noticed their dirty faces, torn pants, and their throaty snores. Even in their sleep the men looked cruel and ruthless. Enis gave one cot a sharp kick with his foot. "On your feet, boys," he ordered in an Elliot Ness-type voice. "We've got a long ride to take and a real busy day ahead of us." I kicked him again, and the man nearest us awoke, stared at us and muttered an oath. "You rotten little punks," he roared at us, "give me my gun." He swung to his feet and made a lunge at Enis who neatly side stepped him and said again in the dead seriousness of Elliot Ness's voice, "You heard me, Mister, up." The man obeyed, all the

while swearing vehemently under his breath.

Both Enis and I, amateurs that we are, had been so engrossed in our number-one man that we did not realize that the body from the second cot had gotten up and was coming at Enis from behind. He grabbed Enis's wrist and wrestled the revolver from his grip. It fell to the floor with a thud. Enis, in a flash, turned and gave the man a stinging blow on his jaw. His victim went down fast. With my gun pointed at the first man, I stooped and retrieved Enis's gun from the floor and was about to hand it to him when the room was filled with a half dozen policemen armed with pistols who immediately took over.

We explained our neat piece of detective work, and they listened half-heartedly. The officer in charge, a short stocky man, gave us a disgusted look and started mumbling to us about taking the law into our hands. The prisoners were then marched out.

A little shaken and dazed, we walked back to the jeep and headed for home. Then it suddenly occurred to us that we were probably the nearest thing to a couple of heroes our town ever had, by that evening we would be reading all about ourselves in the evening papers. We decided that we both needed a shower and a good sleep, and we agreed to meet in the local malt shop after the evening paper came out. There we would sit modestly and let the other guys adore us.

I arrived at the malt shop a little late and saw Enis sitting dejectedly in a corner. When I asked him why he looked so gloomy, he shoved a copy of the evening paper in front of me. As I read the paper, I too felt gloomy, because the paper gave an account of how

six policemen had captured the bank robbers at the risk of their lives. We sat around quietly for a while. Then Enis rose slowly to his feet, flung the newspaper on the floor, and growled in a low voice, "those finks."

IN RETROSPECT

"When I bring you colored toys,
my child, I understand why
there is such a play of colors
on clouds, on water, and why
flowers are painted in tints."

—Rabindranath Tagore

I saw her when first she came,
Feeble fingers reaching out for nourishment,
And eyes blind to the unknowing quirks of fate.
I watched her grow to beauty.
Knowledge sensations racing through her veins,
Forced and frightened her to my arms for comfort.
When she came of age, I knew her.
In the quiet places fragrant with peace,
In the dark places where death bristled and was felt,
In all these, I knew her.
And when at last, she told me she would leave,
I did not weep.
For I knew that we were one,
She and I.

—Patrick McCann

Reflections On An Upturned Mortarboard

The voyage wasn't all
it was cracked up to be
Only about thirty
sunny days
in all, that I can recall
The rest, it seems to me,
were grayed
by those inert e-
lucidations piercing through those puffy clouds
above my head
onto the decks
and by those annoying little rays
of false friendships and bottle-crusty crowds
and bridge-hand sex

But lying here in port
appears to be the worst part—
just listening to the tongues of the sea
lapping at the hull
that keeps me from going down
in its stomach

and looking at the snow-rock hills
behind the harbor town—
There in the gray sky is a gull,
in full rapport
with freedom—

would that I were just as free!

This trip
was not without
its thrills
Hand me the chart
and show me to the next ship
going out

—Francis Creel

Recent Revolts

Since the time of Adam, man has sought to revolt against powers greater than he. His revolution has taken many forms—all too often violent. For many, the term "revolt" signifies unbridled overthrow through bloodshed. Yet revolution need not be bloody nor physically violent, for the powers of thought and expression applied through art can overthrow the intellectual complacency of an entire nation.

Such a spirit of non-bloody rebellion sparked various artistic movements in past centuries, but seldom does one find better examples of this artistic rebellion than in the Beat Generation and its earlier European counterpart, Dada.

The label, Beat Generation, describes a group of contemporary American poets and novelists who are rebelling against the culture and value systems of present-day America. Along with beat, they answer to subterraneans, flaming youth, Bohemian Leftists, the lost generation and names less romantic. No one seems to know the origin of the label "beat," but

it describes a group possessing a defeatist attitude in a world filled with wild jazz rhythms. And America is not alone in witnessing literary revolution, for England too possesses a bohemian class that calls itself the Angry Young Men. Taking its name from John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*, the group strikes out against strongly entrenched British traditions, institutions and class structure.

Basically, the beatnik needs identity, expression, or "kicks." In his search for these needs, he begins to live off other people. Work and honest subsistence constitute cardinal sins among beats; when the hunger pangs grow too strong, they resort to begging or stealing. Society is, of course, to blame for their hunger. Gazing through marijuana smoke, the confirmed beatnik curses modern men who have smothered creative drives. But no one chains these people to their slums and pads. Any oppression they feel comes from within, and their supposed victory over society's norms constitutes cowardly submission to their own weak wills.

The beatnik cry for the uninhibited life, attracts a number of shallow youth seeking a reason for immorality. But these bearded bums in smelly sweatshirts and Italian sandals rarely deserve the

by John Madden,

Robert Blackwood

In Art

title beat. Clothes alone (or smell) do not make a true beatnik. In fact, the genuine disaffiliate carries out his rebellion among his own kind, his presence vastly unrealized, while the pseudo-beat dons his rags and grabs his bongos to join his friends for a weekend revolt.

The original beatniks are members of the California Renaissance. They inhabit a slum area of San Francisco called Venice West, where the beatnik philosophy was first conceived. The bearded imposters of Greenwich Village or Chicago's Rush Street represent a group beat only in dress—seldom, if ever, do they contribute to artistic revolt.

The Beat Generation is fighting "the social lie." It rejects politics as crooked, the draft as training killers, and social order as corrupting natural human drives. Although communistic in their beliefs, ritualistic in their acts and animalistic in their existence, they possess an insight into a world of false standards amid gilded platitudes, which the complacent American in his gray flannel suit ignores. Yet their philosophy contradicts itself. They conform in their non-conformity, submit in their rebellion and write gibberish in their attempt at unhampered style.

These ideas of social reform are

not, however, peculiar to the Beat Generation alone. While not necessarily containing the roots of the beatnik movement, nevertheless, Dada developed comparable ideas in the depression and fear of World War I.

An international group of young, draft-dodging artists founded Dada at the Cabaret Voltaire of Zurich, Switzerland, in the spring of 1916. This group was disgusted with the heartless society which willfully produced World War I. The group rejected all products of society—tradition, logic, morals, and art itself.

Tristan Tzara, one of its chief spokesmen, wrote that "protest" was the key concept of Dada. But the dadaists refused to protest in the conventional manner, by writing anti-war plays or rational tracts decrying society's evils. They insulted their audiences (society) and attacked logic (the foundation of society) in an effort to shock the bourgeoisie out of their accepted modes of thought and make them evaluate their false standards which had led to the European bloodbath.

They insulted society in many ways. Advertising a tour through a church yard, a dadaist led the paying customers through the yard and stopped occasionally to read random definitions from a dictionary. At a Dada performance, a play by Paul Eluard was exactly two sentences long. In the same program, the second act of another play called for the authors to commit suicide on stage.

Their illogic affected their poetry. Tzara's formula for a Dada poem is unique: cut the words from a newspaper article, put them in a bag, shake it, take out the words one at a time as they come, then carefully copy them down.

Unfinished Dada Poem Number I

*Seagulls for wise,
dismay get twice
their dangerous be landing then
swarms.*

*some but planes,
from they're said,
to the Several for at they result
fly don Seagulls jets.*

*have Lon once,
That's fooled as food.
or Tuesday be can
air officials When a
British off finding officials
flock especially air reported
ministry disturbed,
looking bad to Airport,
to in out ports*

by Robert Blackwood

From *Chicago Sun-Times*,

Mr. 20, 1963

"Gulls Show How Gullible
Humanity Is."

Baroness Elsa Von Loringhoven lived Dada by parading down New York's avenues in rags, chains, her head ornamented with sardine cans. Even the naming of Dada mocked the solemn "isms" of contemporary society. Slipping a letter opener into a dictionary, the group discovered the word "dada," French for hobby horse, a meaningless word to throw in society's face.

They insulted; they protested.

They rejected a society willing to crush individuals for its continued existence, a society devoted to materialistic greed not humanity. The answer, man must probe his depths, become conscious of his debasement, and discover his true motivations. He must liberate himself from his body and obtain spiritual bliss. Spiritual bliss, the ultimate in intellectual and physical freedom, affirms the positive value of Dada in Richard Heuelsenbeck's "Dada Manifesto 1949." "The work of the Dadaists, we firmly believe, makes it clear that the goal of Dadaism was human development towards spirituality and freedom." Previous poets—Baudelaire, Rimbaud, de Nerval, and others—exhibited tendencies towards this spirituality and freedom, but their thoughts were obscure due to literary technique, theory, or the inadequacy of words to describe the "logic of feeling." This positive spiritual bliss synthesized with the negative attack on society's products created a potent combination—Dada.

Nothing better shows the illogical idealism of these movements than samples of their artifice. With little exception, beatniks are non-writing writers, non-thinking philosophers and non-examining theorists. They whirl about in an orbit of disillusionment, groping aimlessly and awkwardly. But of the few who have written, poet Allen Ginsberg and novelist Jack Kerouac establish the essence of beat literature.

Ginsberg dynamically examines his society in the poem *Howl*, the opening lines of which read:

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked,

dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix,

angel-headed hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night,

who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat up smoking in the supernatural darkness of cold-water flats floating across the tops of cities contemplating jazz . . .

Beat critic, Lawrence Lipton, describes *Howl* as the confession of faith of the generation of 1965—it is the “Poetry of the New Violence.” To call *Howl* violent understates, however, for the poem contains passages and expressions not usually considered fit for mother’s ears. At least Captain Hanrahan, chief of San Francisco’s Juvenile Bureau, thought so and promptly banned the work because of its “obscene and indecent” language. But this verbal violence characterizes the literature of the beatnik. More profound than the emergence of a new school, beat writing constitutes a change in the literary use of language itself. Insistence on the spontaneous, the improvised, the importance of living in the present moment, the sensuous, naturalness, contempt for censor-

ship, the sense of wholeness, openness are all characteristic of the beat style. Both poet and novelist emphasize an “oral approach” in writing, i.e., imitating as closely as possible the spoken word. Kerouac blairs out: “I DON’T KNOW I DON’T CARE AND IT DOESN’T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE.” In his novel, *The Subterraneans*, he continues the theme by having his stammering hero shout: “Details are the life of it, say everything in your mind, don’t hold it back, don’t analyze or anything as you go along . . .” In this indiscriminate accumulation of details, order, analysis, form and eventually coherence give way. Ginsberg, Kerouac, McClure (author of *The Breech*, *Canticle*, *Peyote Poem*, etc.), Ferlinghetti (*A Coney Island of the Mind*), Corso (*Gasoline*) and other beat artists fling words on pages, not as an act of communication, but of aggression: the reader should expect violence on every page!

Improvisation and stress on the spoken word, however, are equally characteristic of Dada artifice. Tristan Tzara imparted this advice to the would-be dadaist: “The thought is made in the mouth.” Dadaists spoke their thoughts openly, without restraint. This free expression in order to shock society was always violent, sometimes obscene. One night, Marcel Duchamp painted a moustache on a reproduction of *Mona Lisa*, thereby expressing his contempt for the glorified senti-

mentality typified by Mona Lisa and da Vinci's virtuosity. He entitled his painting "L. H. O. O. Q.," which when pronounced in French fashion forms an obscene pun: "*Elle a chaud au cul.*" Tzara would often grab a word-concept and repeat it over and over for effect. In XVI, Tzara used the word "roar" one hundred and forty-seven times (twenty-one of the poems twenty-two lines are nothing but "roar").

Dadaist Poem Number II

Blah, Blah, Blah

Blah, Blah, Blah

Blah, Blah, Blah

Blah, Blah, Blah

Blah, Blah, Blah

Philosophy today, you dumb-think?

by Robert Blackwood

The dadaists also furthered a poetic type which originated in France — *simultaneity*. Richard Heulsenbeck, Marcel Janko and Tristan Tzara wrote a poem entitled "L'Amiral Cherche une Maison a Louer" (The Admiral in Search of a House to Rent). While Huelsenbeck was reciting his lines of the poem in German, Janko was reading aloud his lines in English and Tzara was chiming in with his lines in French.

Besides the techniques, subject matter holds importance in any art, but the subject matter of the beats and Dada is unique, if not just absurd.

Anything vulgar, i.e., characteristic of everyday existence in a "cruel" world, offers a fit subject

to the beat artist. He derives equal inspiration from life, a vase, or a tire iron. Nature forms the essence of beat writing—the base, corrupt, perverted nature of Twentieth Century society.

In his novel, *On the Road*, for example, Kerouac presents a group of thrill-seeking juveniles who tear across the country in stolen cars seeking excitement. Describing the true atmosphere of Skid Row areas in large American cities, he includes dialects peculiar to these areas. In a later book, *The Subterraneans*, he deals with a white-Negro love story that fails, pointing out in almost credible fashion the problems and hardships such a relationship incurs.

Beat music takes its subject matter from human emotions. Jazz composes the only acceptable form and nearly everyone contributes to the "cool sound" if in no other way, by pounding bongos. Once more spontaneity lays the foundation and rhythms, confused and wild, shape the beat harmony.

Beat painting commands spontaneity too and belongs to the expressionistic school. "Art is a living tree," says beat painter Art Richter, "and one must come up from the roots in order to branch out and become individual." Many of the artists refuse money for their works, thinking that through creation they have gained all the treasure wanted.

Dadaists also regarded *everything* as fit subject matter for

their art (or anti-art). They particularly enjoyed attacking the bourgeois culture-vulture's attitudes by picking embarrassing subject matter and using "non-artistic" materials to express themselves. Some prime examples are Marcel Duchamp's moustached *Mona Lisa* and his "ready made" piece of sculpture, *Fountain*. Duchamp displayed *Fountain*, pre-Dada but certainly in the Dada spirit, at the first Independents Exhibition of New York in 1915. The Exhibition soon returned *Fountain* to Duchamp when it turned out to be nothing but a common urinal.

The "ready made" prevailed strongly in Dada painting. Following the example of Picasso's collages, Hans Arp and Max Ernst used nothing but pieces of newspaper, photographs, posters and other "ready made" in some of their paintings. Possibly Francis Picabia created the most skillful blend of an attack on a serious subject matter with the use of a "ready made" when he nailed a stuffed monkey to a board and labelled it *Still Life: Portrait of Cezanne*.

Although the beats have not consistently insisted upon the destruction of past art, it is obvious that there are many similarities between the two movements. The basic points of comparison are the demand for individual freedom and criticism of society. The beats strive for a free association of thoughts in their art, as did the dadaists, in order to elevate man

from his dependence upon this materialistic society. To merely exist in this society is to go under. The beats, therefore, attack "Moloch," the machine society that constrains the free expression of their thoughts. The dadaists attacked the European society that sacrificed its youth in a bloody war to insure its complacent existence.

Dada died in 1922. The dadaists turned upon themselves and ceased to function as an artistic or "anti-artistic" movement. They formulated no way of life—except the complete rejection of any *single* way of life even within the movement—therefore the end came swiftly. But the remaining dadaists claim that the Spirit of Dada has not died. Wherever a man seeks freedom, wherever an individual condemns society, there Dada exists.

The beats are still with us, except Jack Kerouac whose acceptance of his financial success attests to his rejection of at least the externals of the movement. In their rejection of our conformist society, the beats have formed a new society of their own. This conformity in non-conformity, however, seems to frustrate the meaning of their rebellion and tends to stifle those souls who do not freely express themselves in the "conventional" beat manner. Though they have survived longer than the dadaists, this seeming inconsistency makes us doubt the sincerity of the beatniks.

Last Laugh

I was told
*(by the newspapers, radio,
by angry people and sophisticates,
by the communists,
by good people who thought
themselves reprobates,
by tumble-
down student idealists,
by the humble
and by the haughty)*
that the world is cruel
and cold:
that a man is nuts
to say the "Oh
Say, Can You See"
with the song in his heart:
that life is steel and guts
and horse-without-a-cart:
that the Man they caught in Gethsemane
was a fool.

I wouldn't doubt them at all
if I were strictly sensible.
But the Fool's folly
was so obviously utter
that I can't forestall
the insolent confidence
that He will tear His mask away
and mutter
the final jest—
and we will have a jolly
good laugh at the whole damn mess—
someday.

—Francis Creel

The Freight Train

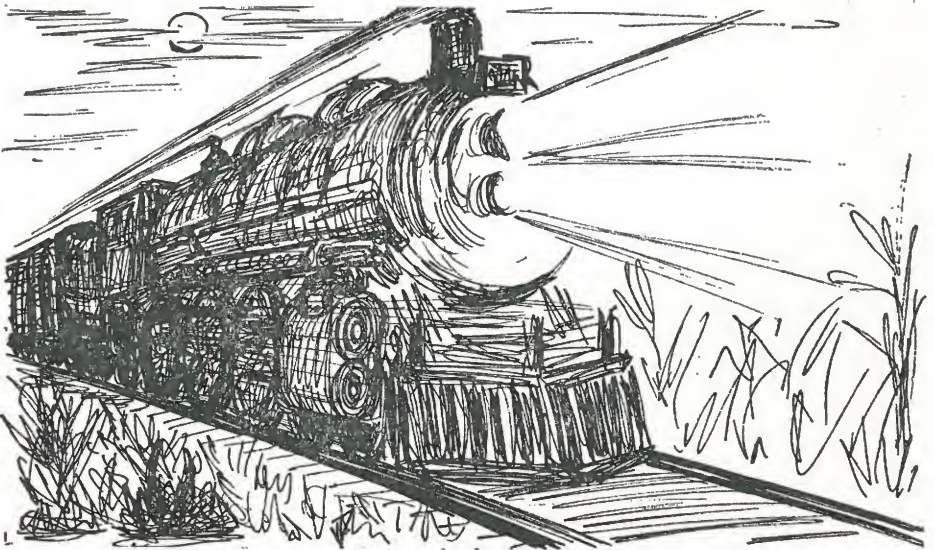
by John Cates

Of those days I spent on the farm, my nightly meeting with the northbound freight stands far above any other memories. The farm, located in the heart of the Tennessee Valley on land that could still offer an arrowhead or conceal a Civil War bullet in its rocks, was a young boy's dream; but, as I look back, it was lonely. Perhaps it was this that sent me out in performance of my nightly ritual. Out to observe what I considered that Tennessee farm's only saving feature, the single set of tracks that carried the freight

north from Knoxville to Kentucky.

It was the loneliness that carried me away from the house each night after supper. I wandered indirectly (I always left with time to spare) into the wooded hills behind the house until I reached the tree-crowned rim of a small valley whose bushes and brambles were scarred permanently by the straight cut of the railway easement. There I set my gaze upon the south end of the cut and waited, watching to distinguish a light and listening to each breath of wind for the hint of a whistle.

Suddenly something was there. I fell to the ground, placing my ear to the moist, prickly earth to



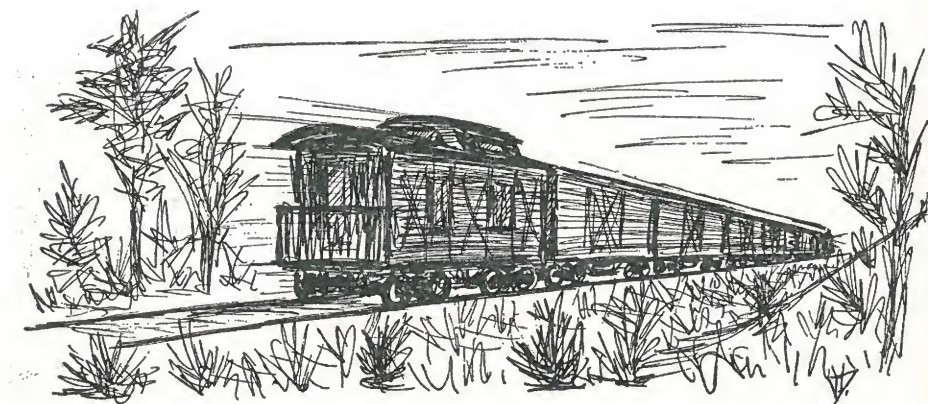
listen, Indian style, for the beating of the iron wheels against the track joints. As the infinitesimal rumble grew louder, I jumped up on a stump in an effort to raise myself above the enclosing trees and catch the first whistle, drifting over the valley. There were three whistles in all before the train itself was visible, and with each one my heart beat proportionately louder. My reaction to the sound was always the same. I invariably turned and looked about me, as if expecting to see another person, and each time was shaken by the fact that I was so entirely alone.

And then the light was there, flickering as it dodged among the trees, but eventually appearing strong, as if it had sole rights to this valley, and no object of nature dared interfere with its beam. The ever-expanding light was accompanied by the rhythmical pounding of the engine and a fourth whistle, but this time it lacked the mellow qualities of a few miles back, and blasted a blatant shriek into the night. The

train was no longer a hazy, melodic figure of the distance. It was a snorting god coming closer to my vantage point. I stood, already feeling the sweat of excitement, and then began to move slowly down the ridge. My unexplainable obsession forced my feet to a path perpendicular to the oncoming train. With each revolution of the wheels, my feet moved faster, until, as the engine itself passed before me, I was half way down the ridge and almost running.

There it was. The huge black Goliath, steam pouring from its pistons, the trio of wheels competing frantically with each other and all producing such a thunder as to make the earth tremble beneath its tread. The freight cars followed in a tremendous din of flashing greys and ominous bulk.

I reached the track after my headlong plunge from midway on the ridge, in time to see the last few cars roll by. The cold wind of the moving freight blew across my heated body to perfectly complete the sensation. I stood for a



short time in the middle of the track and peered intently at the black reptile being eaten by the blacker night. I turned slowly,

wiped my face and hands with my shirt-tail, and made my way back up the incline.

The Death Of March

The great bell rang
and woke
a sparrow huddled in the everpainted points
made pungent by the blown-down clouds
and shook
the plundered nuts and acorns gathered in the joints
of trees arthritic from the frozen pouts
of winter.
Its peals
marched out and sprang
across the stubbled fields
to thrust
their ranks against the flank
of soundless space
and valiant, but exhausted, sank
amidst the haze
of dusk
in dank and silent splendor.

—Francis Creel

BIG DADDY

Blue is black just like any other nigger except maybe he's a little more proud of it. Proud of his shiny black skin and square face punctuated by two large jutting eyeballs, a flat, black, oval-nostral nose and two fat lips that perennially reveal a yellowy, decay-ridden though happy-go-lucky smile. Proud of his washed out blue-jeans, of the weather-beaten motorcycle cap that barely clings to the crown of his black, wire-haired head, and particularly proud of his name stitched across the shoulder flap of his white sailor-boy shirt. He's proud of being the first, last and only janitor of Northgate apartments, a five-building, functionally-designed community that nestles upon a small green bluff overlooking Thomas Avenue on the north side of Memphis. Yes, Blue is proud, proud it seems, of things that even a southern nigger wouldn't place much stock in.

The first time I sneaked into the apartment court-yard to use the swimming pool, I saw Blue. He was resting his 220 pound, six-foot frame in a rusty folding chair within the shadow and draft of the cold air exhaust vent on the roof of the building opposite the

pool. With legs crossed and cap cocked over the back of his head, the city bowed before his face, and he appeared contented, possibly humming a summer-time tune to himself as his big nigger toe—he never wore shoes—kept the lazy beat. At that moment I suspected that Blue didn't give a damn—he'd seen me sneak into the pool—about tomorrow or even the next moment. It appeared that Blue's only concern was Blue enjoying being Blue all the time.

In the hot summer months that followed, I got to know Blue, and an empathetic sneak-in-swimmer and janitor relationship began developing between us, since southern society would find it difficult to tolerate any two-toned friendships. We spent many an hour at the apartment pool, Blue snail-pacedly skimming the chlorinated water with a long pole net and drawling about the many intimate details of his life, like the three dozen watermelons he had cached away in the store-room catacombs of the apartment buildings, or his early morning ritual. "Man, dis waters look mity invitin'—mity invitin'. I' fact hit looks so invitin' dat early every mornin' I gits up an I washes ma feet in dis pool.

by Daniel Zawila

BLUESKI

But don't you say nutin' cuz if de boss he ever find out 'bout hit, he'd use ma hide fer a ter-pau-lin."

It was on one such afternoon that I blatantly asked, "Blue, how old are you?"

"I'as as ol' as ya wants me ta be. Dat's all I'll say."

"But ain't you got no ma or pa?" I asked.

"Why shore I'as got's a mammy. She's down in Mis'sippi, roun' near Jackson. I'as seen her an' pappy 'bout a year ago. Yep, she's real proud o' me. Here I'as got me a full-time job, I'as eats good, an' I'as healthy an' strong as a bear. Now, min' ya I'as no social climin' Negro likes dem dat's a been doin' all dat settin' down roun' Memphis. Nooo sir. I'as jus' a regular nigger—juz like ma pappy—an' dat what I'as got's today, I'as got all on ma own. I'as got no schoolin', an' not a body's help'd me, but I'as made hit. I'as made hit juz de same."

A week later as I was sneaking out of the apartment courtyard, I saw Blue again, but ducked into the bushes when the manager of the apartments approached him.

"Hello, Boss."

"Don't ya hell-lo me! Whar the hell ya been?"

"Well boss, I'as been after de gas-soline fer da lawn mower an' I'as got hit right here wid me."

"That was three day ago! Whar

the hell ya been? I told ya to take the truck, but no, ya said you're faster on your feet. It's a damn good thing ya didn't take the truck, or ya'd probably been gone a week, and I'd a called the troopers out after ya!"

"Now, boss, don' git excited. I'as got down to de ole station lickety-split, but on de way bac' I got hit by a car, an' dey took me to de hospital, an' I jes git out dis mornin'. I'as got de gas-soline, dat's all dat counts."

"Don't ya gimme that. You'd better hope no nigger comes a walkin' up that driveway lookin' for a job, because if one does, you'll be a walkin' down that driveway two minutes later. Now get that lawn cut!"

After the manager had stomped off, I accosted Blue and asked him why he tried to lie his way out of trouble. Didn't he care about the job or what the manager thought of him? Blue curtly replied, "Man, I'as don' care what de boss or dem white folk tink o' me, cuz dey worry 'bout what I'as tinks of dem o' else dey wouldn't boss me roun' likes dey do. Now, don' bodder me cuz I'as gots to keep dem odder niggers 'way from de boss."

One sweltering afternoon, after July had blistered into August, and Blue and I had gotten to know each other quite well, even to the

extent of breaking watermelon together, Blue approached me in the court yard with his yellowy smile at half mast. "Man, the times is bad. Dis pass two weeks I'as been on twenty-fore hour call. 'Blue do dis. Blue do dat.' Man, widout me dem white folks, dey die! I tink I'as gonna change ma name to Big Daddy—Big Daddy Blueski. Mebbe den dey ain' gonna bodder me no mo cuz I ain' gon tell 'em ma new name. Man, dat fix 'em. Dat'd fix 'em good!" And with that Blue walked on fitfully scratching his head and repeating to himself, "Now, I'as Big Daddy Blueski. Der ain' no mo Blue—o'—is der?"

In the final weeks of summer that followed, I'd begun to wonder if Blue or Big Daddy Blueski still existed because I hadn't seen him, not until early one morning

late in the last week of August. For me, the night before had been stifling, and in an effort to refresh myself, I had come to the pool for an early morning swim. It was then I happened to see Blue—he didn't see me—sitting at pool-side, calmly washing his feet. Meticulously he soaped between his toes, and when he'd finished both feet he stood up, scratched the top of his head through his cap, yawned, stretched, smiled, and proudly sauntered off, leaving a trail of wet footprints behind him on the pavement. And those wet footprints, whether they'd been made by Blue or Big Daddy Blueski, vindicated no lack of human dignity as they evaporated into the early morning air, only the recent presence of a proud pressure.

Lecture by Professor Skull

The world is far too sad a place to weep
 when something less than weeping fits the scene
 The pace is far too fast a pace to keep
 when leisure has the time to intervene
 Sadness cannot give our grief much meaning
 unless we have the time to see it clear
 and leisure tends to rot in its routine
 without the proper salting with a tear
 Relief from labor, thus, and grief are merely
 states of mind, related by the tie
 of time and by the universal fear
 that we shall lose our grief, that we shall die
 Amusing creatures, we, who, must abhor
 and fear the "time" when fear shall be no more

—Francis Creel

Nine Months To Life

Hanley Science Award

by Jerome Meservey

When a man is born, he is already nine months old. "Surely," says Sir Thomas Browne in *Religio Medici*, "we are all out of the computation of our age, and every man is some months older than he bethinks him; for we live, move, and have our being . . . in that other world . . . the womb of our Mother."

To the embryologist the months before birth are in their way the most eventful part of life and we spend them at a rapid pace. At its beginning the body consists of one cell; by the time of birth it has two hundred billion cells. When you, kind reader, were a single cell, you weighed about fifteen ten-millionths of a gram; at birth (if you were a seven pound baby) you weighed 3,250 grams. In those nine months you gained two billion times. You began as a spherical egg that could have been lost in a pinhole; you soon became hollow and then long and narrow. Some time in the third week of life your heart began to beat; was not that a great day in your career? You had the beginnings of a brain before you had hands, and of arms before legs; you developed muscle and nerves and began your struggle; in the

darkness you faced strange perils, and you came at last to the threshold of the world. But let us now look closer at this chronology of the earliest part of human life in that other world.

The development of the human being during the first week is unknown. No one has yet seen the embryo during its journey from the ovary through the Fallopian tube, until the time when it becomes implanted in the uterus. Only by deduction from other animals can we fill this gap and imagine, no doubt imperfectly, what the earliest stages must be.

After fertilization in the Fallopian tube the egg divides rapidly, gaining in the number of cells, without much gain in size. At 45 hours there are four cells; at 49 hours there are eight. At 72 hours the embryo is a rounded mass of cells, called by the Latin word *morula* because of its resemblance to a mulberry. At this time the egg reaches the end of the tube and enters the uterus. On the 5th and 6th days the embryo is a hollow sphere walled by a single layer of thin cells, bearing at one pole an inner cell mass or aggregation of cells. An embryo like this is said to be a blastocyst.

At the end of the first week the embryo consists of two cell layers, namely the ectoderm (outer layer) and the endoderm. During the second week a third layer of

cells makes its appearance between the ectoderm and endoderm; this new layer is called the mesoderm (intermediate layer).

From these three layers all the tissues of the body are derived. It is roughly correct to say that the ectoderm gives rise to the outer skin and to brain, spinal cord, and nerves; the endoderm gives rise to the digestive tract (stomach, intestines, liver, pancreas, etc.) and to the respiratory organs; the mesoderm provides the skeleton, muscles, heart, blood vessels, and connective tissues. The point of interest here is the sequence of development; first one cell, then a blastocyst of one layer, then the two-layered blastocyst, and finally the embryo of three

layers.

During the first few days after the arrival of the blastocyst in the uterus, it lies free in the uterine cavity. Because it is very minute, its needs for food materials and oxygen can be met from the small amounts of these substances that are present in the maternal environment and which pass into the blastocyst by diffusing through its walls. As it grows, however, the need for a more direct *nutriative* supply becomes evident, and thus begins the attachment of the embryo to the mother.

In the development of the human embryo, the outer layer of the blastocyst develops more intimate contact with the mother by means of branching outgrowths



or even complex labyrinths (constructed something like the honeycomb radiators of motor cars) which push their way into the maternal tissue as the roots of trees push into moist and fertile ground, seeking nourishment. Such an organ of attachment is called a "placenta."

At about 11 days the maternal tissue of the uterine surface is growing over the implanted embryo and will soon cover it. At the same time, the trophoblast (outer layer of cells of the embryo) continues its precocious creeping outward in all directions and eroding away the maternal tissues with which it comes in contact. This enormous increase of the trophoblast is the most striking feature of early human development. As the trophoblast grows it becomes cavitated with irregular spaces called "lacunae," which become filled with more or less stagnant blood from small maternal veins that are opened by the advancing trophoblast. From this blood it extracts material for the embryo.

Realize, then, that man even in his earliest weeks faces unconsciously the unending problem of getting along in his world. Life is a paradoxical career in which the individual must both accept and contend with his environment, at once struggling for independence and adapting himself to cooperative action. For the embryo in the uterus, pilgrim's progress begins with the process of attachment or placentation, by

which the human child is to win his nine months of prefactory life. Thus early must he contend with his environment—which for the time being is the lining of his mother's uterus—and at the same time must adjust himself thereto.

As the demands of the rapidly growing embryo for nutriment and oxygen become more and more exacting, the trophoblast undergoes a further change by which the surface it presents to the maternal blood becomes enormously greater. This new physiological adjustment to the environment begins about the 12th day.

When fully developed, the human placenta is about the size of a small soup plate, that is to say 18 centimeters (7.5 inches) in diameter, and weighs 500 grams (a little more than one pound) on the average. The villi of which it is formed grow into the wall of the uterus, breaking down everything in their path, excavating a space for the placenta in the uterine lining. The blood stream, kept circulating by the infant's heart, flows through the main artery (aorta) of its body and out through the umbilical arteries to the placenta, where it is distributed into the innumerable branches of the villi. Here occur the indirect exchanges of soluble substances from and to the mother's blood stream.

At the age of 16 days the embryonic area is no longer a disc; it has elongated in one axis and therefore has the form of a shield

with a head and a tail end, and by consequence a right and a left side. A symbolistic mind might pause at this point to reflect that even before its first three weeks of prenatal life are completed, the embryo finds that there are two sides to human affairs.

During the third week the heart is formed by cells of the mesoderm under the head, which organize themselves into a thin-walled looped tube. This links up with the blood vessels on the yolk sac (a nutritive sac attached to the embryo) and with those which spread throughout the mesoderm of the animal body and via the body stalk to the trophoblast. When the heart begins to beat, it soon causes a circulation of blood through the whole system.

The limb-buds are seen in the fifth week, the arm appearing before the leg. At this time the human embryo also possesses a tail. It is really only a tail rudiment however, for it never gets bigger than the end of a pin. By the sixth week it is already being outgrown, and it persists only as the little terminal part of the spinal column, the coccyx.

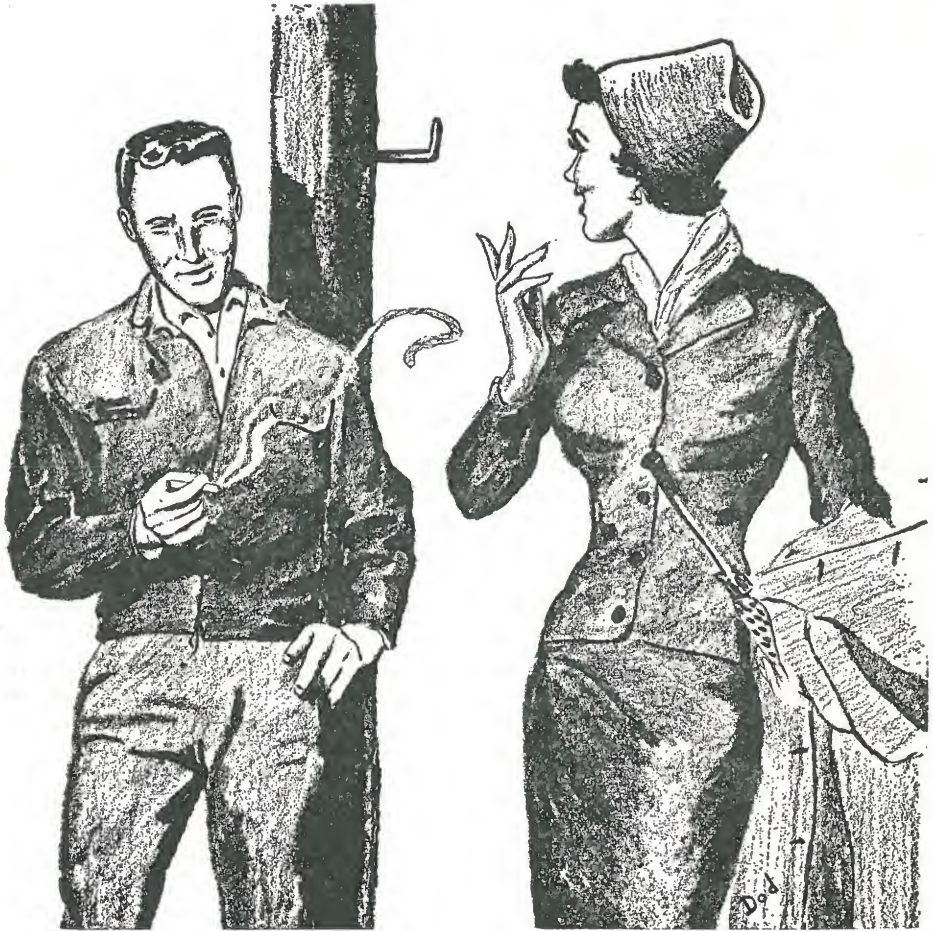
By the eighth week the embryo, or fetus as we now call it, is an unmistakable human being, even though it is still only three-fourths of an inch long. The fetus is clear-

ly a vertebrate with four limbs; the shell-like ear hints that it is an ape or something of that sort; the disappearance of the tail rudiment confers a certain dignity upon the silhouette, ranking the creature as at least one of the higher anthropoids, the trivial nose and flat face say it is human, and the great bulge of the brain predicts that this being is destined to feel, think, and strive beyond all other species that live on earth.

From eight weeks until birth the fetus development is mainly concerned with growth, and with this phase my brief chronology of life must end. If we could only observe such an incipient human being in its proper environment, nested within the uterus, we should also see the vividness of life—muscles already able to contract, limbs that move if they are touched, a heart that beats and keeps the blood flowing throughout the body and through the pulsating arteries of the umbilical cord to and from the placenta. Within this microcosm the organs and tissues are teeming with the processes of growth, the cells multiplying, the parts enlarging and shifting each towards its appointed place and task. This is not only preparation for life; it is life itself.

The Art of Persuasion

by Francis Jozaites



Scene I: A street corner at dusk. A man enters from left, a second man from the right.

MAN: Where're you going?
2nd MAN: Georgia.
MAN: Why?

2nd MAN: Got a job waitin'.
 MAN: Hmf.
 2nd MAN: Gonna work on a tobacco farm. (*Exits to right.*)
 (*Enter 1st Woman from left.*)
 MAN: (*Whistles.*) Hi ya, babe!
 1st WOMAN: Move it buddy.
 MAN: Just showin' my appreciation of finer things.
 (*Enter 2nd Woman from right. The Man sees her and whistles.*)
 1st WOMAN: Hmf! Lowering your standards a bit, aren't you?
 MAN: No. Just shoppin' around for quality. (*He whistles at the second woman again.*)
 2nd WOMAN: Fresh!
 1st WOMAN: No, Honey, as stale as they come. (*Exits right.*)
 MAN: Say, babe, whatcha doin' tonight?
 2nd WOMAN: Get lost!
 MAN: You name the place where we can, babe, and off we go!
 2nd WOMAN: Look, friend, either you beat it or I call a cop.
 MAN: Got spunk in ya, huh?
 2nd WOMAN: Listen, I gotta get home.
 MAN: Lead the way! Got somethin' on the fire?
 2nd WOMAN: As a matter of fact, yes. It's a steak . . .
 MAN: Love those steaks!
 2nd WOMAN: . . . for my husband.
 MAN: (*With a flourish.*) So long, Chick! (*2nd Woman exits left. The Man lights a cigarette. He holds the match in his hand until the flame burns to his fingers.*) Ouch! (*A shaft of red light beams from the footlights and shines on his face.*)
 VOICE: Well you did it again, you bungling idiot!
 MAN: Oh . . . but . . . but, Boss!
 VOICE: Don't but boss me, you ass. Two of 'em get by without even the slightest hint of falling.
 MAN: But, Boss . . .
 VOICE: Do you know why, Stupid?
 MAN: Aw, Boss . . .
 VOICE: I'll tell you why. 'Cause your approach is old, worn and useless. Think fresh!
 MAN: But how, Boss?
 VOICE: How? How! You ask *me* how?
 MAN: Well . . . gee . . . everything I try gets the same results.
 VOICE: And all of those results so far have added up to a

big fat zero from the time you were sent on this assignment!

MAN: (Submissively.) Okay, Boss. I'll find a better approach.

VOICE: You better! If you don't get me one convert by the end of the week you'll just have to be re-assigned. I don't think I need to remind you what assignment you'd get, do I?

MAN: Boss! Please! Don't take me off of earth. Don't send me to Pluto! Those Plutonians are mean enough! They don't need me. It's so cold up there, and you know how easily I catch cold. Anyway, I kind of like it here.

VOICE: Look, I'll give you a break. I don't usually do that sort of thing, but . . .

MAN: I'll say!

VOICE: Shut up!

MAN: Yes, Boss!

VOICE: Go to the Central Avenue Bridge.

MAN: The one over the railroad tracks?

VOICE: That's the one. I got a hot tip that some woman may try to commit suicide tonight. Now she may be a little weak, so your job is to encourage her to go through with it. Understand?

MAN: Yeah, sure, Boss. I getcha. (*The red light from the footlights fades quickly. The Man takes a deep drag on his cigarette, then drops it to the floor and steps on it. He exits left while whistling "That Old Black Magic."*)

Scene II: The Central Avenue Bridge. The Young Woman is standing against the railing, her back to the audience, as the lights come up. The Man enters from right, whistling "He's Got the Whole World In His Hands."

MAN: (*Walks past the Young Woman and stops a few feet beyond her.*) Pardon me, but do you have the time? (*She doesn't move.*) I said, do you have the time? (*Looks at her watch, then leans on the railing again.*) It's a quarter to.

MAN: Oh.

WOMAN: So what.

MAN: Maybe it's none of my business, but you look like you've got problems.

WOMAN: (*Turning to him.*) You're right on both counts. I do have problems, and it's none of your business.

MAN: Say, listen, they say that it's sometimes good to talk over problems with strangers.

WOMAN: No, you listen. That's all I need—one more busy-body sticking his fat nose in my life.

MAN: Sor-ree!

WOMAN: (*Leans on the railing, facing the audience.*) I'm sorry. (*She opens her handbag for a cigarette, takes it out but can't find a match.*) I have no right to take it out on you.

MAN: (*Offers her a light from his lighter.*) That's okay.

WOMAN: You're only trying to be helpful and I bark at you.

MAN: I understand.

WOMAN: But you don't really. You couldn't.

MAN: But I do. You have a problem—a big problem. You can't find a solution to it, so you're here—on this bridge—waiting for the necessary courage and a fast train.

WOMAN: You think that I . . . jump? . . . suicide? . . . me? . . . jump! Oh, brother! I don't even jump out of bed!

MAN: You don't have to cover up for me—I know.

WOMAN: What are you—a psychologist?

MAN: Well, hardly that. I just know what you were planning and I agree with you.

WOMAN: About what?

MAN: Jumping.

WOMAN: You do?

MAN: Sure! (*Trying to think fast.*) You see . . . I, ah . . . well, I too . . . ah . . . was going to, ah . . . well . . .

WOMAN: No!

MAN: Yes! Oh, definitely It's the best way out—yes indeed it is.

WOMAN: Suicide?

MAN: Sure!

WOMAN: No!

MAN: Oh, yes!

WOMAN: You poor man.

MAN: (*Eyes widening*) That's it! Poor! Yes, that's it!

WOMAN: You're poor, and that's why you want to jump—right?

MAN: Yes, you see I was . . . ah . . . well, not really stealing, but, ah . . .

WOMAN: Embezzled?

MAN: Sure! Embezzled . . . ah, money . . . from the, ah . . . the till.

WOMAN: Did you take much?

MAN: Oh, lots. Yes—thousands and thousands.

WOMAN: Does anyone else know about this?

MAN: No, no, nobody. But, don't you see, they will find out when the, ah . . . the, ah . . .

WOMAN: Auditors come.

MAN: Auditors come! Yes! Then they'll all find out.

WOMAN: Why did you do it?

MAN: Why?

WOMAN: Surely you could have gotten money some other way.

MAN: (*Thinking very hard.*) Hm . . . why . . .

WOMAN: What did you need the money for?

MAN: (*With his thumb in his mouth.*) Why . . .

WOMAN: Why don't we go to my place and talk it over over a cup of coffee? (*She takes him by the arm and leads him off stage left. All the while he is still very much lost in thought.*) I don't live far from here.

MAN: (*While being led off stage.*) Why . . . why . . . Hmf.

Scene III: A poorly furnished apartment. Bleak walls, bare floor. A small round table, two chairs and a dresser constitute the furnishings. An old ice box and a sink piled high with dishes are along the left wall. The lone opened window on the back wall reveals a fire escape and a brick wall for the outside view. As the curtain rises and Man and the Young Woman are seated at the table. In front of them is a coffee pot and two cups. The man's head is buried in his arm and he is crying uncontrollably.

MAN: Why? Why . . . oh, why!

WOMAN: There, there, now. Have some more coffee.

MAN: (*Raising his head quickly.*) I've got it!

WOMAN: What?

MAN: I stole the money to put a poor orphaned boy through school! That's why!

WOMAN: How kind of you.

MAN: Yes, wasn't it?

WOMAN: Terribly. But why steal? You could have gone through other means of getting the money.

MAN: (*Starting to get wrapped up in his own story.*) Yes, I guess so. I . . . I just didn't think.

WOMAN: I'm afraid that there is only one course for you to take.

MAN: (*Sobbing.*) What?

WOMAN: Go to the police.

MAN: Oh, no, no, no!

WOMAN: Yes. I'm sure they'll be easy with you.

MAN: But they won't be—not with me!

WOMAN: Do you mean to say that you have a criminal record?

MAN: Uh? Oh, yes . . . sure . . . yes I do. Why, I'm a three-time loser.

WOMAN: Then I guess they will be rough.

MAN: I don't think I could take it!

WOMAN: But it's the manly thing to do.

MAN: I *know*, but . . . but . . .

WOMAN: You must go to the police!

MAN: I can't! I can't!

WOMAN: You must!

MAN: (*Rising.*) But I'm not that strong!

WOMAN: You've got to be!

MAN: You're right—I know that. But how can I be strong?

WOMAN: Ask for strength.

MAN: Will you help me?

WOMAN: (*In a low, calculated tone.*) Why don't you pray?

MAN: (*Shrinks back against the rear wall.*) Ah-h!

WOMAN: Pray!

MAN: Ie-e-e!

WOMAN: Pray!

MAN: (*Runs to the open window and takes a flying leap.*) I can't!

(*The woman rushes to the window as the outside is lit a bright red. The Voice speaks.*)

VOICE: You idiot! You prize Idiot!

MAN: (*His voice gradually fading into the distance.*) Somewhere something went wrong!

(*The woman turns from the window as a bright shaft of light falls on her face. A second voice speaks.*)

2nd VOICE: Good work, my child.

WOMAN: Thank you. (*She goes to the table when the light fades, pours a cup of coffee and lights a cigarette. She takes a deep drag, and blows the smoke out slowly. She smiles, then has to chuckle.*)

Curtain.

The Modern World

CUBISM

As the world moved headlong into the twentieth century, confident in itself and comforted by its own scientific genius, a few men were soon to launch an artistic revolution which still perpetuates itself and which changed forever the world's artistic countenance. It doesn't matter what the evolutionary roots of the movement were because it awakened a dormant creativity and created a new esthetic. Perhaps it gave an artistic reason for the twentieth century, a reason transcending its scientific progress and its political turmoil. Born of man it has expanded and taught man. The name of the movement: Cubism.

I am not talking about the later synthetic Cubism, nor do I intend to show the influence of Cubism on succeeding movements in the arts. I am interested only in that form of Cubism called analytic and which owes its birth to the individual genius of Georges Braque and Pablo Picasso. Cognizant of the intellect, of philosophy, of poetry, these men thought it inadequate for art merely to give pleasurable sensa-

tion to the eye as the Impressionists, for example, had done. Doubting the validity of sense perception to encompass all reality, the cubists felt that more was needed to reveal all the ramifications of the form of an object. As a result of this they began to use lines, blocks and curves complementing or opposing one another by mental as well as visual analysis. It can easily be seen that some of Cubism's roots lie in the fertile, though ancient, soil of philosophical idealism with a good bit of Kant to water things.

Naturally, from this it is seen that a spectator cannot look upon a cubist painting merely as something nice, something appealing to the eye. More is demanded of him than this just as more is demanded of the reader of a modern novel. He must search for the truer reality presented, a reality which is lyrically inspired. The prose of the older art gives way to the poetry of Cubism, and many will sway to the music of Cubism. To see art in this manner has been very difficult for Americans because of the strong realist structure not only of art,

by Robert McHugh

but of life as well. Thus Julian Street called a cubist painting "an explosion in a shingle factory" and journals generally condemned or poked fun at Cubism for many years. Today things have changed and Cubism has been somewhat more accepted even if its children and grandchildren have not. Even so, the personal nature of the artist's vision and the deeper reasoning behind the work mitigate against a general acceptance, much less understanding of Cubism. Yet the influence of the cubists has been great.

The cubists borrowed from and influenced architecture. Indeed, Manhattan island is beginning to look more and more like an early cubist effort. Taking into account the dynamism of our time, Cubism has found imitators in all fields of art and has left its imprint upon thought. Kandinsky has said that only a few advanced people can appreciate the art of their time, but as time moves on more and more understand and appreciate while a new art is beginning. Perhaps this is the case with Cubism since it is certainly not so deeply circumscribed as to have meaning and value only to the artist. It is to the mature western mind of today what early Renaissance art was in its day. Like Renaissance art it was revolutionary—the first genuine new art in a few hundred years. A look at the cubist esthetic will show this to be true.

Braque and Picasso discovered the path to Cubism independent-

ly, though for several years they enjoyed a fruitful companionship. The sources of their inspiration were several, not the least important of which was primitive art from Africa with its possibilities for formal plastic organization. Even more important was the work of Cezanne, often called the "father of modern art." Cezanne was becoming interested in getting the essence of things and at one time said: "You must see in nature the cylinder, the sphere, the cone." Braque began by breaking up the objects in his pictures into separate facets while merging foreground and background and blocking out the horizon. Form, then, was broken into faceted surfaces whose edges often overlapped.

Feeling that three dimensionality was alien to the flat surface of the canvas, form had to suggest depth on its own through the interplay of angles with planes intersecting and blocking one another. This resulted from the analytical cubist's vision which saw in a painting a separate entity. Each work is an organism bound only by its own limitations.

No longer was there any need to copy appearances. It was Picasso who cut the umbilical cord of sense reality first, doing away with the model and painting directly from the mind. In this way an object can be seen on canvas from all sides and elicited through divers planes.

The cubists naturally rejected the violent colors of the Fauves

and Impressionists. By using only somber blues, browns, greens and blacks, the artist had more freedom in the creation of his light source while striking at a deeper reality. There is something appealing in the color choice of these early cubists, something that might be akin to Turner wanting to reduce things to earth, air, fire, and water. Here all is reduced to the basic colors of nature. Certainly such a choice made it easier to concentrate on the all-important form of the work.

In this analytic attempt Cubism broke down and disintegrated sense-forms. The trend began with a sculptural effect but soon went to a flat geometric resolution which was far less "realistic." Here often there were only hints of the object given such as bits of violin strings, scroll and sounding board. This was a great triumph of rhythm and form giving the eye something to dwell upon and the mind something to contemplate and to exercise the intellect upon. Because they often took ordinary subjects and treated them in this manner, the cubists made people aware of the beauty of form in even simple objects.

It has been said that Cubism tried to reproduce "pure" form in an attempt to enjoy the same freedom given to music. Perhaps it would be better to say "basic" forms which underlie the impressions we get of all represented things. Yes, the object is represented in a cubist painting, not

reproduced. By representing the formal beauty of the object, the artist has tried to more fully disclose the meaning of the object; we must respond if we are to enjoy Cubism.

While analytical Cubism is classical in the sense that it depends on the supremacy of the mind over the senses, it is at the same time very lyrical and imaginative. In fact, Jacques Lipchitz, a cubist sculptor, said: "Any artist who works with the elements of his imagination is a Cubist . . . The personal lyricism of the cubist painter is no less vital than that of the romantic and argues eloquently against those who accuse cubist art of being 'cold'." One only has to look at a picture like Braque's "The Portuguese" to see the life, the vitality that permeates the best cubist art. Only the pseudo-cubist painters who thought cubism meant only a geometric construction are guilty of being cold. It takes little esthetic sense to discover the great artists of Cubism. Perhaps George Hamilton, with thanks to Hegel, best summed up what a true cubist painting must be by calling the subject of the painting the thesis, the artist's analytical recording of the subject the antithesis and the painting itself the synthesis—a synthesis that is a self-sufficient object for the communication of beauty. It is thus the concept which must dominate any work of art worth considering, something of which the cubists made us all aware.

I have made no mention of paper collages and the hermetic period of cubism. The former is important in that the painter would construct his work, wholly or partially, with existing objects, while the latter breaks completely with representation and is merely an extension of the analytic process. Both can be understood by understanding the cubist aims already mentioned. Synthetic cubism made use of bright colors and constructed reality from willfully chosen fragments. Its esthetic is largely that of analytic Cubism and I feel is more decorative and not as important. If nothing else, it did not blaze the new trail.

Cubism blazed a new trail and in so doing has done more to influence art in the twentieth cen-

tury than any other art movement. It did not die in 1920, nor did it really begin in 1908. The underlying principles of Cubism are eternal, it merely took the cubists to fully realize them. We must throw off our old prejudices and "see with our soul" in order to fully understand Cubism. It is not something that can be articulated, it is something that must grow upon us. If it does we are sure to gain in growth and enrichment. Walter Pach said of Cubism: ". . . it is a part of the movement of the universe, or perhaps the epitome of that movement." At its best Cubism is metaphysical and profound, at its worst it imposes a unity, congruity and solidity on painting.

Frozen Hell

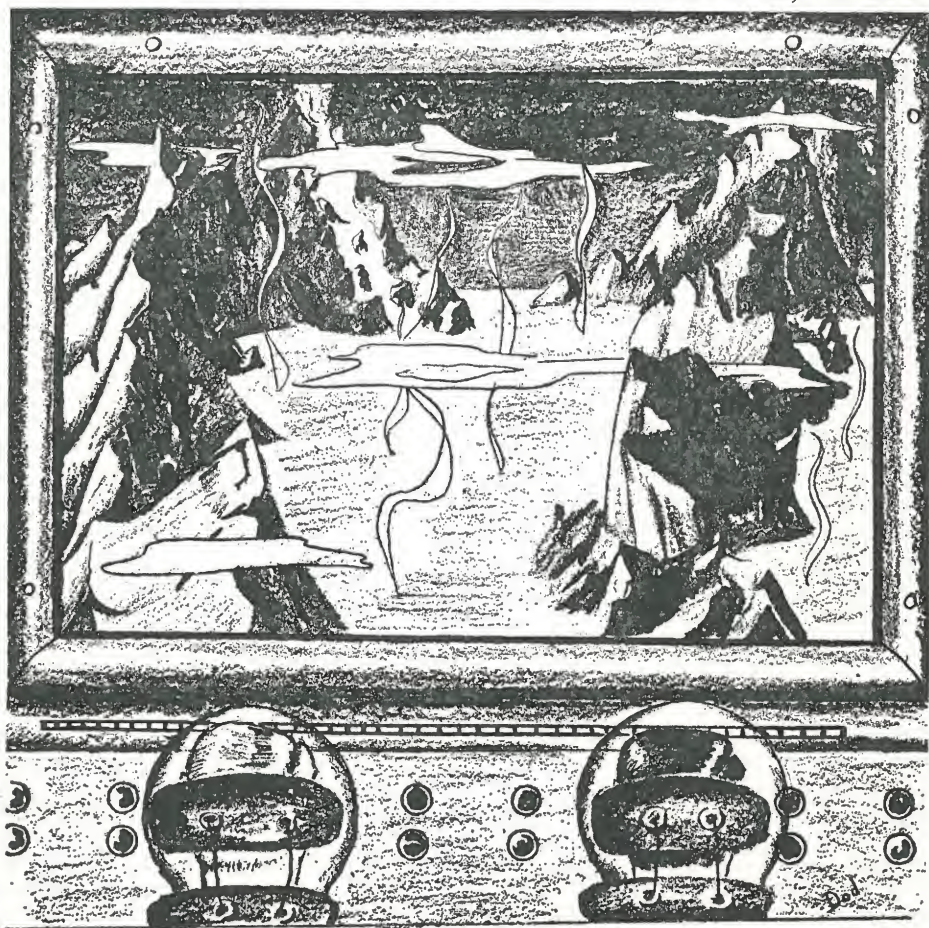
by

Russell

Carson

Captain William Schroeder scanned the viewscreen in the control panel before him. Occasionally he moved the knob covered by his gloved hand slightly. The small compartment shuddered slightly but constantly as the winds in Jupiter's thin upper atmosphere licked at the stub winged steel vehicle.

"Not too bad so far," he mut-



tered. "Still have about 5000 miles to go though."

"This damn stuff'll get rougher than hell about another 500 miles," grumbled his engineer, a stocky man who looked like an aluminum pajamad ape in his pressure suit. "We'll be damn lucky if we get this airborne sub down there in less than a hundred pieces."

"If you're so worried about cracking up why did you come in the first place. I could've gotten another engineer," said Schroeder, his lean form still unmoving, eyes still fixed on the screen, now completely filled with reddish-brown cloud.

"I'm the only grease monkey in the whole damn solar system that can handle these bloody new engines right," he replied. "I suppose you think one of them bright young cadets that don't know anything but math and atomic theory and with not a bit of real experience could do better."

He's right, of course, thought Schroeder. Despite Sev Johnson's rough face and bar room talk he was the best engineer on the U. N. exploration force. In fact he'd done half the work of designing and constructing the new drive units that powered this ship and functioned even in the rigors of Jupiter's turbulent atmosphere. Yes, he was the only man to ride those engines on this first manned descent to the planet's unknown surface.

"Can't get contact with the mother ship now," Schroeder stat-

ed matter of factly. "We're on our own with about forty-five hun . . ."

The cabin wrenched as the first strong gust of the giant planet's methane upper atmosphere caught the ship.

"We're in it now." He gritted his teeth. "How is our power?"

"Pretty good so far. That damn methane won't ignite unless we run into some oxygen crystal clouds," said Johnson.

"Good enough," answered Schroeder above the thundering din of the engines and winds. "We've spiraled down to about four thousand miles now. Surprising we haven't hit any ammonia clouds," he observed.

The buffeting stopped for a moment, then the hull reverberated to a sound like a thousand pieces of sandpaper scratching constantly and in unison.

"Damn frozen ammonia," yelled Johnson. "Why the hell couldn't you see that stuff on your screen?"

"I did. I want to test the ship's durability under these conditions though," he shouted above the scratching that had now become a thousand rasping files.

"There's nothin' in your orders that says to do anything but get this crate down and back out," yelled Johnson.

Schroeder shot back, "It'll take more time than necessary to make another flight. Might as well find out all we can on this one."

The scratching stopped as soon as it had began, but the pounding

of the wind continued. In the relative silence Johnson said, "If that damn cloud had been much bigger the hull would be so damn eroded it'd break up and the pressure would squash us like bloody tomatoes."

"You have to take some chances if you want to discover anything, Johnson," Schroeder declared.

Angrily, Johnson said, "Pull another dumb stunt like that and I'll brain you, big shot U. N. explorer or not."

Schroeder gripped the controls tensely. The ship seemed like a feather in a hurricane, even though it weighted a good five hundred tons with the steel of which it was constructed, designed to withstand the crushing 2 tons per square inch pressure of Jupiter's deep atmosphere.

"It's too dark to see anything down here now," he said, voicing the words with effort as he was flung against his straps by the unbelievable turbulence.

"Wind's about three hundred miles per hour. We're in the hydrogen layer. Got two thousand miles to go."

Johnson said nothing. He had his hands full controlling the engines. So far they'd held together, but this pressurized hydrogen around the ship could do anything. If it forced its way through a crack into some liquid oxygen. Johnson refused to think about it. The hull would just have to hold. If only Schroeder didn't pull any more tricks in the name of science.

"Feeling much G pull yet?" asked Schroeder.

"I feel okay," answered Johnson. He was lying a little. He could feel it all right. It would be worse when they landed. Gravity pulled there with three times the force of earth. Even though both of them were extraordinarily strong they'd have a hard time getting around.

"We're just five hundred miles from the surface," Schroeder announced. "Things should start clearing up a bit pretty soon."

On the view screen a few cracks of dim light opened up in the darkness. This dull orange glow came from the surface because sunlight never penetrated Jupiter's poisonous shroud.

"The wind's down to eighty. Shouldn't be too hard to land now," commented the pilot as he looked over the indicators. Still, a trace of strain entered his voice.

Both men remained tensely silent as the craft glided through the pure hydrogen atmosphere. It scattered a few wispy clouds in its descent, until it hovered in clear air about three thousand feet above the surface. Johnson took a look at the screen to see what man had only imagined before.

"Gawd!" he exclaimed. Below lay a panorama that was nothing less than the most tortured regions of hell. As the ship settled slowly, great, jagged peaks of rock and red ice appeared, bound by fiery rivers of hydrogen, embattled by roaring volcanoes that blasted

forth fire and ice, then disappeared under raging torrents of liquid oxygen and nitrogen. Mountainous boulders of ice rose from the depths of boiling lakes of liquid gas, then crashed into the rutted, shifting islands of frozen gas and stone. A ghostly orange glow cast a horrid illumination on the entire titanic shifting, rumbling, roaring, blazing scene.

"How are we gonna land in that mess?" asked Johnson. "There's not a thing that isn't movin'! We'll be ground to dust."

"This ship should be able to take the jarring long enough to last on one of those islands. They seem to be about the most permanent flat surface. If nothing crashes on us from above we'll be all right. Strap yourself in. I'm going to land," said Schroeder.

The ship came to a jolting rest on one of the larger islands. Johnson and Schroeder unstrapped themselves with considerable effort, feeling the full, crushing force of the giant planet's gravity. After satisfying themselves that the vessel was still intact, they adjusted the instruments and cameras that recorded outside conditions. Within a few jarring minutes they had completed their tasks.

Johnson said, "Okay, let's get out of here."

"Not yet," answered Schroeder, strapping himself once again. "We're going to take a dive into that ocean of liquid gas. We might as well find out what's under it while we're here. It could

contain some form of life."

"You fool!" yelled Johnson. "This ship won't take it."

"In the tests it stood almost a thousand pounds per inch more than it's under now. Start the engines," retorted Schroeder.

"The hell if I will," he shouted.

"Then I'll do it. Get away from that panel."

"And if I don't?"

Schroeder whipped a small but deadly laser beamer out of his suit pocket. "I can fly this ship with or without you. Take your choice," he said in a tone that left no doubt of his intention.

Suddenly the ship pitched forward as the island was rocked by an explosion. Johnson saw his chance, lunged and snatched the weapon from Schroeder's hand, and rammed it into his belly.

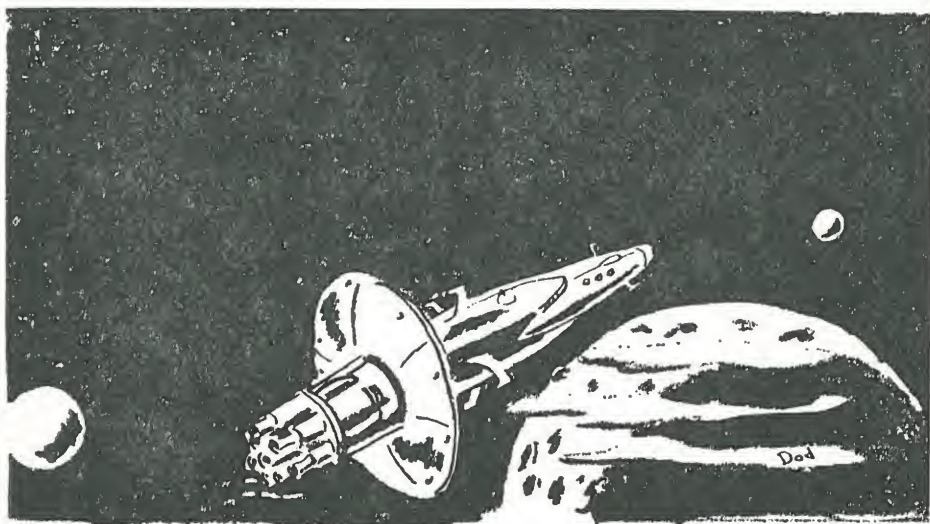
"Now fly this crate outa here or I'll burn you in half."

Schroeder quickly recovered himself and answered mockingly, "Do you think death scares me, you idiot. Besides, you don't know how to fly this ship. If you kill me we'll both be dead."

"I can try," snarled Johnson, and pressed the button on the beamer. There was a sizzle, and the pilot's head drooped to his chest. Johnson heaved the body to the floor and strapped himself in the seat. He wasn't as inexperienced a pilot as Schroeder had thought. He was fairly sure he could get off the planet and into an orbit where a rescue ship could pick him up. What worried him was that no one would believe his

story about why Schroeder was dead. He'd have to get rid of the corpse once he got into space and make up some story. He didn't

like it but at least one man would return, now, from Jupiter's frozen hell.



Tender Youth and the

by

Francis Creel

Americans who are optimistic enough not to expect a nuclear war are forced nevertheless to permit the co-existence of a pessimistic corollary to that outlook: the communists have an apparently impregnable power-base, the Soviet Union, from which they will be able to harass the free world for just as long as their idealistic materialism holds out.

From such indications as their recent growth pattern, the growing competence of their economic planners, the depth and the width of their natural resources, and their increasing emphasis upon the development of research talent, one is nearly able to predict on a mathematical scale that the Russians will continue to enjoy bounding economic growth for quite some time. But it is not possible to predict that the Russians will eventually, thereby, overwhelm the United States through sheer economic expansion. That depends on the response of Americans to the Soviet challenge. And the effectiveness of their response depends primarily on the energy and the wisdom of America's new, young labor force which, finally, must find its most constant bul-

wark in the wisdom of our leaders.

* * * * *

In America, where census-taking is an exact science, the probable size of the labor market is one of the most predictable of economic data. Due to the baby boom of the war period, the labor market of the 60's is expected to expand at an almost frightening rate. The burden of shaping an economy to absorb the young workers out of school falls in large share on government policy formulators, and the recommendations they make will help determine whether the unemployment index and the national growth rate in the next decade are to rise or fall.

There are many solutions from which they can choose: some far-reaching, some ineffective; some feasible, some out of reach; some consistent with the traditional American political philosophy, some not. But all possible solutions can be grouped in either of two categories, on the basis of the attitude in which the eventual solution is approached. Government planners can approach the problem negatively, with restrictive proposals, or they can approach it positively, with accretive or progressive proposals.

The negative-minded planner is likely to arrive at such solutions as lowering the retirement age and shortening the work week. While such methods may

Brittle Economy

have their merits, it would be a grave mistake, in my opinion, to employ them without first considering the positive measures at society's disposal. For without progressive efforts to increase productivity and to raise employment figures, such restrictions tend to depress the national growth rate. Social benefits such as the lower retirement age and the shorter work week should be reaped as the results of increased prosperity, not used to stimulate it.

Affirmative ways to ensure full employment and greater GNP, therefore, should receive the first consideration. This approach, in my view, is partially a task of social education. Though it is true that national economic growth depends primarily on increased production and the creation of consumer demand for that production, the stimulation of these is centered in the hands of the entrepreneurs, the few who are willing and able to take investment risks. But popular attitudes, as well as the vicissitudes of a free economy, are a factor in the determination of our gross national product and standard of living, and it is with these that the great body of young Americans should be concerned.

There is a certain degree of fallacy, for example, in the popular notion that any young worker

would be better off with a college education. This is not always so, and there should be an intensive program to persuade those young people unsuited to careers with academic preparation to enroll in a trade school.

Another persistent misconception in American society is the idea that a job, once held, is an inalienable right rather than an opportunity made available by general economic needs—an idea carried over, perhaps, from the time when technological improvement was slower and jobs were more stable. With the increasing acceleration of automation and new techniques, inflexibility is a lethal attitude, and the refusal of some to recognize this fact has resulted in the unfortunate alternatives of featherbedding and work-stoppage. Youth should be made to realize the need for adaptability.

Industry could perform a valuable social function by devoting a portion of its advertising expenditures to mass education in changing economic conditions. A major hurdle could be cleared simply by showing people, through a combination of statistical and historical evidence, that automation is far from being a curse. There are vast numbers of workers who oppose automation on principle and yet whose jobs are the direct or indirect result

of inventions discovered a century or a decade or a year ago. Too few Americans are consciously aware that it was primarily industrial mechanization which transformed rural America into the greatest producer in history, capable of employing more than sixty million workers. Even fewer are convinced that we can improve that performance through increased automation.

Government should make the hard facts easier to face by providing training and relocation assistance to workers displaced by automation. Whether this should be done on the federal or state level is perhaps still a topic for debate, but the principle of subsidiarity suggests that first the

states should try their hand. The urgent need for such assistance, however, would not allow the states much leeway between finding a workable provision and defaulting to the federal government.

And labor, industry, and government should unite, finally, to point out the increasing importance, with the expansion of the Common Market and other international economic communities, for this concept of modern labor mobility to be applied in our relations with other countries.

The world is changing, and economics is an eternal tempest. It is urgent that we, America's fountain of youth, learn the wisdom of bending with the wind.

Le Quai

Voila la scene encore une fois;
De soir en soir
Le même quai silent,
La même estrade,
Vide de bruit, de vie.
Et puis, a la distance,
Le timbre tinte douloureusement,
Une fois, deux fois . . . ,
 toujours six fois;
Et a cette heure,
La même grande foule commence
A presser sur le quai
Comme une riviere humaine,
Sans but, sans fin;
Chaque visage familier,
 une nullite,
Sans vie, sans expression.

Les expressions ne changent pas;
Tous restent debout,
Regardant passivement l'obscurité de la nuit.

Sans penser, sans demander,
Ils y viennent de soir en soir
Attendre le train.
Ils vont chez eux,
Mais où est le train?
Ils attendent le train,
Mais où vont-ils,
Et d'où sont-ils?
Sans penser, sans demander,
Ils attendent le train . . .
Le même train qui
N'y est pas venu hier soir
Ou avant-hier soir;
Le même train qui
N'y vient pas ce soir
Et, peut-être, qui
N'y vient jamais.

Pourquoi ne se rendent-ils pas
Compte de la situation?
Pourquoi n'entendent-ils pas?
Ils s'avancent, ils se retirent,
Mais le cours de leurs actions
Ne varie jamais;
Et si le train ne vient
Que le matin, ou d'autre temps?
Ou si le train y est venu et
N'y retourne encore jamais?

— Mes amis! Mes frères!
Il faut que nous comprenons
La force de cet instant!

Un cri aigu!
Un seul homme
S'éveille de son repos.

— Écoutez! J'entends quelque chose.
Un sifflet!
Voilà, mes amis, un sifflet.
Ne comprenez-vous pas?
Le train vient.
Enfin, le train vient.

Le quai commence a gronder,
Mais les gens n'y réagissent pas.
Comme d'ordinaire, ils continuent
A regarder fixement
La nullité de la distance.

— Mes amis! Écoutez-moi!
Le train vient, je vous dis.

Le train vient!
Mais ils n'entendent rien.
Ils ne peuvent plus entendre.
Et tres lentement,
Le train s'approche du quai
Et s'arrête.

— Le train, mes amis.
Mon dieu, le train est venu.

Au même temps,
Tous les gens se tournent
Et le regardent.
Il examine le vide de leurs visages
Et il a grand-peur,
Car ils ne voient pas
Ce qu'il faut voir;
Et il ne peut pas s'en aller seul.

Ainsi passe le moment de crise.
Le train s'en va
Et la grande foule se tourne
Et marche du quai.

Encore une fois, le silence.

—Wm. Seidensticker

Grass

Grass is life:

Tall,

Thin,

Full of vigor.

Grass is love:

So sweet,

Lush,

And mellow.

Grass is hope:

Hope of spring

Drifting back

After winter's rampage.

Grass is faith:

Faith in nature;

Knowing that she

Will provide for her creatures.

Terry F. Sroka